SECOND YEAR LANGUAGE READER

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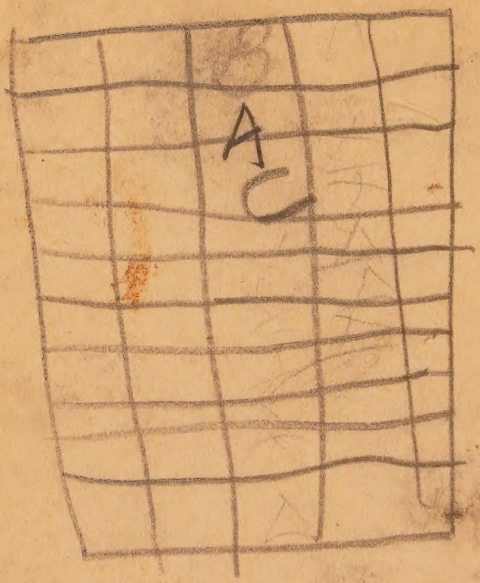
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SAUL SCHWARTZ

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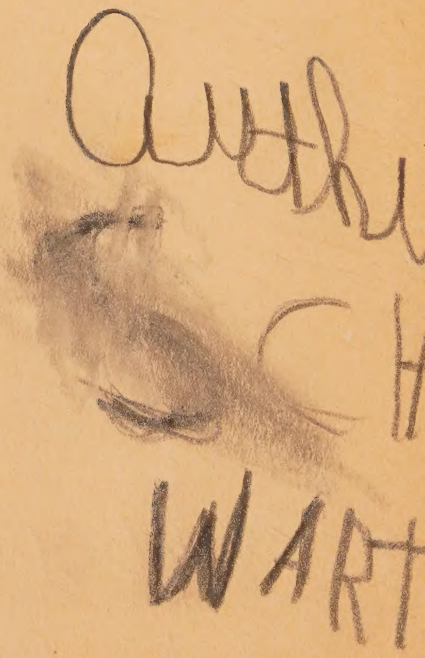

SECOND YEAR

LANGUAGE READER

The MMCo.

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A FAIRY TOUCHED THE TREE WITH HER WAND.

See page 16.

SECOND YEAR

LANGUAGE READER

BY

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PREFACE

THE LANGUAGE READER series is, as the name implies, a set of graded school readers in which one of the definite objects is the teaching of the language as well as the reading of good literature. This purpose has been more fully stated in the prefaces to the advanced numbers.

The present volume contains but little besides the reading matter itself. It seems best at this stage of the work not to complicate the page by the introduction of matter auxiliary to the study. Such assistance should be, and usually is, given by the teacher. It may, therefore, not be amiss to state several objects which the teacher should have in mind in this second year of the work in language.

1. It is the year in which the child should begin to gain a sense of confidence in his power to read. Children learn to read in much the same way as they learn to ride a bicycle or to skip a rope, that is by doing the thing eagerly and cheerfully. The editors have therefore sought to fill the volume with matter which children *can* read and will like to read. That is to say, they have regarded the exercise of reading as the main thing in this grade.

2. If the reading is to be intelligent, the children must be questioned about what they read and led to talk about it. And no teacher will fail to be alive to the importance of using both the oral and the silent reading.

3. The drill in phonetics given in the first year will ordinarily not be sufficient, and must be continued for a part, at least, of the second year. Some old things must be reviewed, some new things taught. For this reason the phonetic chart of the first volume is reproduced in this. But drill in phonetic groups which are already well enough known to be readily used is an unpardonable waste of time and energy. Phonetic exercises are only a means to the act of reading, not an end in themselves.

4. The forms of words — easy words as well as hard — must be noted. Spelling lessons which involve eye and ear, hand and vocal organs, should be given. It is especially important that the ordinary, everyday words be learned in this way. Transcription of sentences and short passages is a good exercise. But this formal work must not be intruded upon the reading in such a way as to kill the interest in either. The words and sentences used ought to be drawn from the things read; but the reading must be regarded as too important to be a mere adjunct to the language study. It is safer to have the two phases of the work done in separate lessons, except where the attention to words is necessary in order that the reading may proceed.

5. Composition, in the formal sense, belongs to later years. Oral composition of an informal kind, that is, free and interested talk, is the best kind of composition for this grade. What is done in writing should be short, easy, and as nearly voluntary as it is possible for school work to be. In no work of the grade will the difference in the precocity of the children be more apparent than in this. And the teacher need feel no concern if she cannot form anything like a "grade standard" in this work.

6. The illustrations in the book are primarily for the purpose of making it attractive to the children — and the teachers. But they are also available as a help in instruction. Good work in oral expression may be had by talking about the pictures in relation to the things they illustrate.

All the prose selections have been simplified and adapted to the age for which they are offered. The poetical selections are left unchanged, except that a few of them are abridged. For the use of several poems acknowledgments are due: To Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. for the use of Celia Thaxter's *Little Gustava;* to Mr. Bangs and to the Century Company for the use of *The Little Elf;* to John Lane & Co. for the use of *Romance* from *The Child's World;* and to G. Schirmer for permission to use the music to *The Owl and the Pussy Cat.*

THE EDITORS.

October, 1905.

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SOUNDS, LETTERS, AND GROUPS OF LETTERS

a *as in* cat	**a** *as in* wake	
e . . . . went	**e** . . . . here	
i . . . . did	**i** . . . . like	
o . . . . not	**o** . . . . hope	
u . . . . up	**u** . . . . cube	
ar . . . star	**ai** . . . maid	**ee** *as in* tree
er . . . her	**aw** . . . saw	**oo** . . . . . moon
ir . . . girl	**ay** . . . day	**oo** . . . . . look
or . . . corn	**au** . . . because	
ur . . . hurt		
ea . . . tease	**oi** . . . noise	**ang** . . . . bang
ea . . . bread	**oy** . . . boy	**ong** . . . . long
ie . . . cries	**oa** . . . coat	**ing** . . . . king
	ow . . . cow	**ung** . . . . hung
	ow . . . blow	
	ou . . . out	
	or . . . morn	
all . . . fall	**th** . . . this	**igh** . . . . high
	th . . . broth	**aught** . . caught
		ought . . bought
ch . . . children	**sh** . . . sheep	
ck . . . chick	**kn** . . . know	
qu . . . queen	**wh** . . . what	

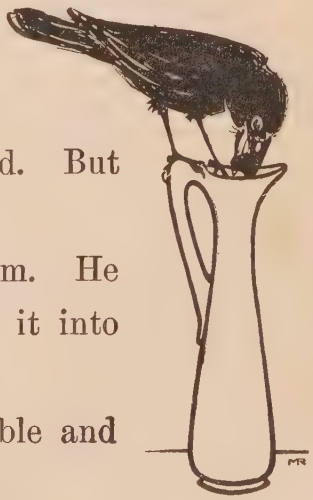
SECOND YEAR LANGUAGE READER

1

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

pitcher	thought	another	reach
thirsty	pebble	rising	beak

A THIRSTY crow flew to a pitcher which had a little water in it.



He could not reach the water with his beak. He tried and he tried and he tried. But he had to give it up.

Then a thought came to him. He took a pebble and dropped it into the pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped it into the pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher.

Then he took another pebble and dropped that in.

Then he took another and dropped that in.

At last, at last, he saw the water rising. So he put in some more pebbles. Then he was able to drink.

"Little by little does the trick."

—Æsop's *Fables*.

2

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

happened carrying shadow piece

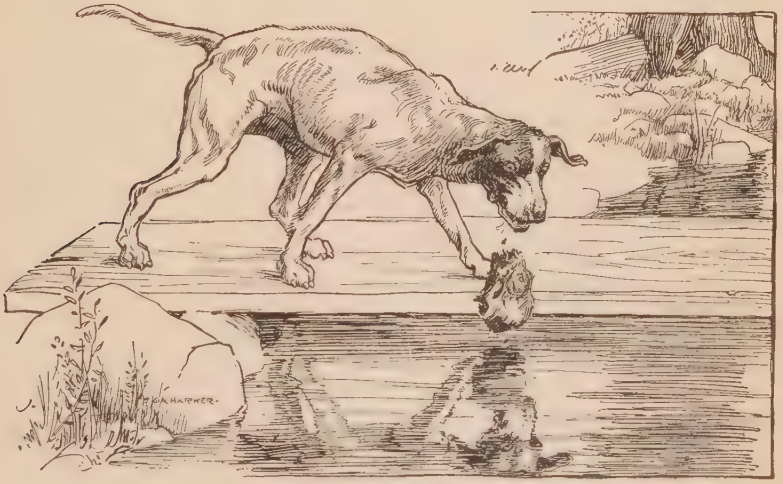
It happened that a dog had found a piece of meat.

He was carrying it home in his mouth to eat it.

On his way home, he had to cross a brook.

As the dog crossed, he looked down.

He saw his own shadow in the water. He thought another dog had another piece of meat.



He made up his mind to have that meat, too.

So he snapped at the shadow in the water. But as he opened his mouth, down fell his meat into the water.

So by trying to get a shadow he lost his dinner.

— Æsop's *Fables.*

3

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

tortoise boasting quietly course plodded

THE Hare was once boasting of his speed.

"I can run faster than any other animal," said he. "Who wants to race with me?"

The Tortoise said, "I do."

"That is a good joke," said the hare. "Why, I could dance around you all the way."

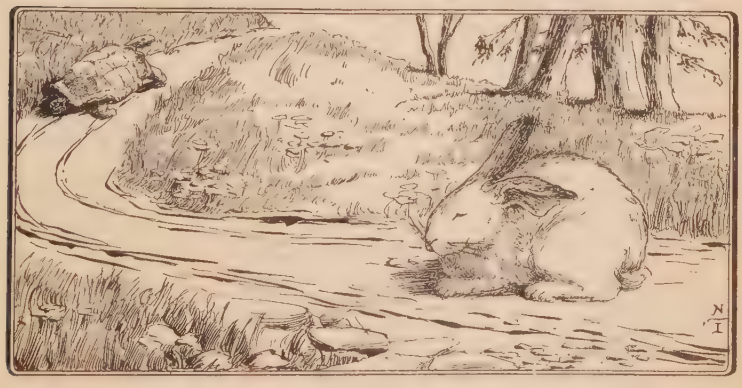
"Keep your boasting till you've beaten," answered the Tortoise. "Shall we race?"

"Yes," said the Hare.

So a course was fixed and a start was made.

The Hare at once ran out of sight. But he soon stopped. He thought, "Pooh! there's time enough to beat a tortoise!" So he lay down for a nap.

The Tortoise plodded on, and plodded on.



By and by the Hare awoke. He saw the Tortoise near the winning post. So it was too late to save the race.

Then said the Tortoise: —

"Plodding wins the race."

— Æsop's *Fables*.

4

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

through orchard quench sour

ONE hot day a fox walked through an orchard. He saw a bunch of grapes high above his head.

"Just the thing to quench my thirst," said he.

He drew back a little way. Then he took a run and a jump. But he missed the bunch.

With a "One — two — three," he jumped again. But he did no better.

Again and again he tried to reach the grapes. At last he had to give it up.

He walked off with his nose in the air.

"I'm sure those grapes are sour," said he.

— ÆSOP'S *Fables.*

5

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN KIDS

easily rough bleated bought

THERE was once an old mother goat. She had seven young ones, and she loved them very much.

One day she wished to go to the forest for food. So she called to her children and said: —

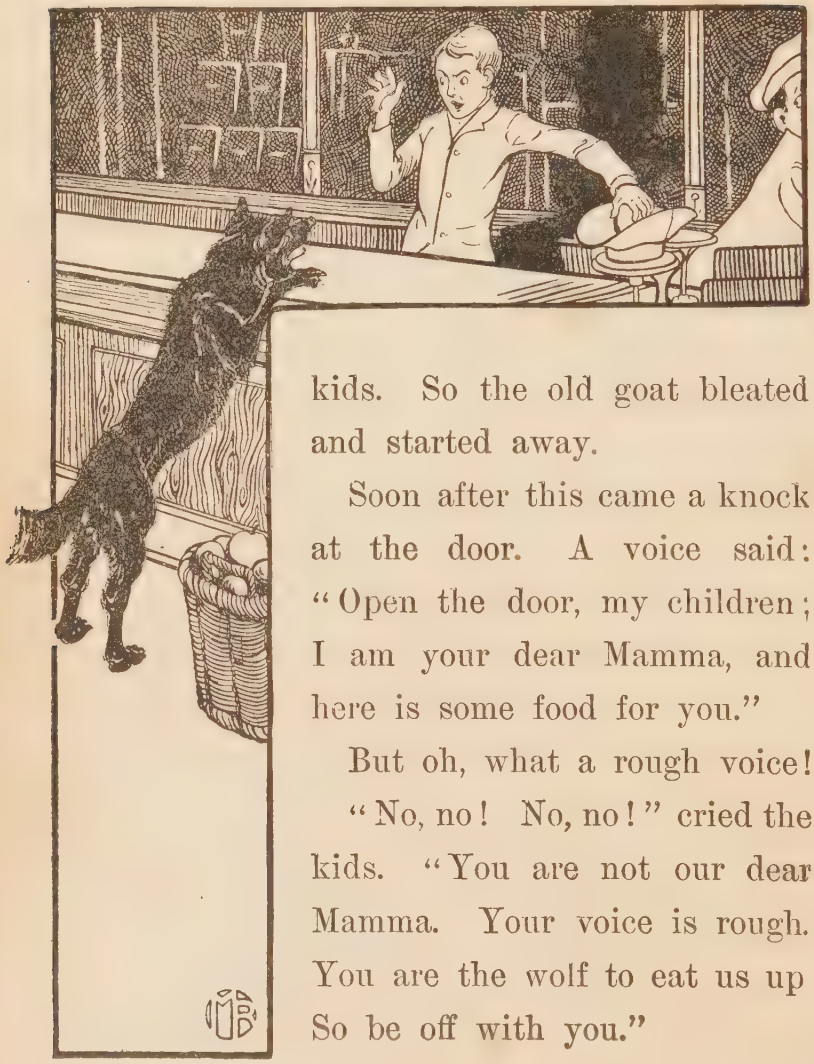
"I must go to the forest for something to eat.

"Do not open the door while I am away.

"The wolf might get in. He would eat you up, — hair and all.

"You will know him easily. His voice is rough, and his feet are black."

"We will be careful, dear Mamma," said the



kids. So the old goat bleated and started away.

Soon after this came a knock at the door. A voice said: "Open the door, my children; I am your dear Mamma, and here is some food for you."

But oh, what a rough voice!

"No, no! No, no!" cried the kids. "You are not our dear Mamma. Your voice is rough. You are the wolf to eat us up So be off with you."

Then the wolf ran away to a store. There he bought some fairy chalk.

"This makes voices soft," said he.

So back he went to the goat's house again.

"Open the door, my children," said he. And his voice was as sweet as honey.

"I am your dear Mamma, and here is some food for you."

But the youngest kid peeked through the door. And there were the wolf's black feet.

"No, no! No, no!" cried the kids. "Our dear Mamma's feet are not black like yours. You are the wolf to eat us up. So be off with you!"

Then the wolf ran away to the baker.

"My feet are cold," said he. "Wrap them in dough. It will cover them and keep them warm."

The baker was scared, and obeyed. So back went the wolf to the goats again.

"Open the door, my children," said he. "Here is your dear Mamma."

And his voice was as sweet as honey. And his feet were as white as dough.

"Yes, yes! Yes, yes!" cried the kids. "This is our dear Mamma."

So they opened the door, and the wolf bounced in.

6

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN KIDS (*Concluded*)

cupboard	kitchen	oven
scissors	thimble	needle

THEN one kid went under the table. The second ran under the bed. The third hid

under the washtub. The fourth jumped into the cupboard. The fifth ran into the kitchen. The sixth hopped into the oven. And the seventh climbed into the clock case.

But the wolf found all but the seventh. And he gobbled them up — hair and all! Then he went to the forest. And he fell asleep under a fir tree.

Soon the mother goat came bleating home. But ah, what a sad sight! There was the door all open.

The chairs and the table were upset. The tubs and the cupboard were upside down.

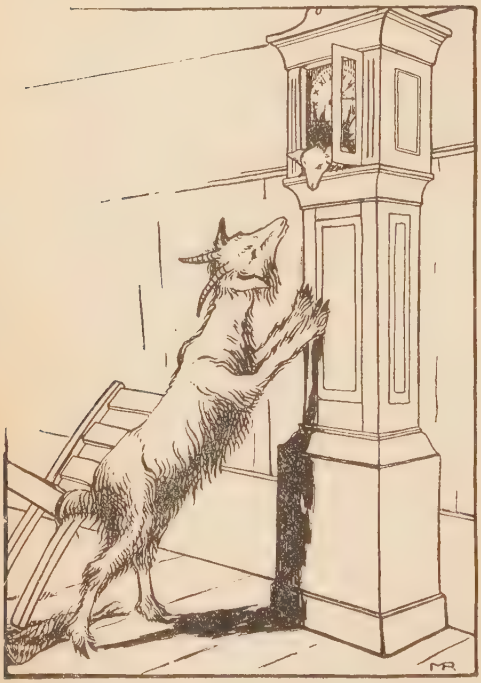
And no little kids came to meet her!

At last the seventh kid bleated. He was the one in the clock case. So the old goat helped him out.

Then he told what had happened. Then they bleated and wept, and wept and bleated!

"But come, little kid," said his Mother. So they went to the forest together.

And there lay the wicked wolf! He was fast asleep under the fir tree. And he snored so loud that he shook the branches.



"Sh-h-h-h!" said the Mother. "Something wiggles inside of the wolf!

"My dear little kids must be still alive. Run back, little kid, and get my scissors. Get a needle and thread, and get a thimble."

So away ran the kid. And soon he came scampering back.

"Sh-h-h-h!" said his Mother.

Then snip, snip! She cut open the wolf. And out hopped the six little kids!

"Sh-h-h-h!" said their Mother.

"Creep to the brook and get six stones."

So they did as she said. Then the Mother softly filled the wolf with stones. And "Click, click," with her needle she sewed him up.

Then they left him snoring under the tree.

"Now let us hide," said the goats. "We will see what he does."

Soon the wolf woke up. "Dear, dear!" said he. "Those kids are heavy. I should think they were made of stone! I'll go to the brook and drink." So up he got and waddled off.

And the little goats danced for joy!

Then down to the brook went the wolf.

But "Dear, dear," said he, "I feel so heavy!"

Then he stooped to drink. But over the bank he rolled. And splash! into the water he fell. So he was drowned as dead as a log!

SPLASH! INTO THE WATER HE FELL.

Then out ran the kids and their dear Mamma
And they danced and sang by the brookside
And they sang this beautiful song: —

"The wolf is dead! — Hurrah!
The wolf is dead! — Hurrah!
The wolf is dead!
The wolf is dead!
The wolf is dead! — Hurrah!"

— GRIMM'S *Fairy Tales.*

7

THE WOLF AND THE GOAT

ONE day a wolf saw a goat on a high rock. The goat was eating the grass there.

"My friend," said the wolf, "the grass is short and dry up there. Come down here where the grass is long and tender."

"Thank you, my friend," said the goat. "But I shall stay here. I should rather eat dry grass than be eaten by a wolf."

— ÆSOP'S *Fables.*

8

THE LITTLE PINE TREE

forest	sparkled
needles	beautiful
touched	perhaps
wand	splendid
treasure	juicy

A LITTLE pine tree stood in the forest. It had beautiful green needles. The wind made music over them all day long. And the sun made them shine.

But the little tree was unhappy. It did not care for needles. It wished for leaves.

"Needles are always green," it said. "I am tired of them! I wish I could have gold leaves. Then I should be finer than any tree in the forest."

A fairy heard the tree. So she touched it with

her wand. And next morning it had bright golden leaves. When the wind blew they shone in the sunshine and sounded like bells.

"Oh, listen!" said the little tree. "Are these not beautiful leaves?"

But a robber came by. And he heard the golden leaves ringing.

"Ha, ha!" said he. "Here is a treasure! These leaves will just fill my bag."

So he picked them all. And the little tree stood bare.

"Gold leaves will never do," said the little pine. "Men like them. So I should always be bare. I wish I could have glass leaves. They would be pretty. And no one would steal them."

So the fairy touched the tree again. And in the morning it had glass leaves.

How they sparkled!

They looked like ice.

"Oh, see!" said the little pine. "These are

prettier than the golden leaves. Now I am the prettiest tree in the forest!"

But soon the wind began to blow. Then all the shining glass was broken. And at night the little tree stood bare again.

"I must not wish to be so beautiful," said the tree. "I must wish for green leaves. Then robbers will not steal them. And the wind cannot break them. Yes, I wish I had leaves like the other trees. Perhaps they would turn red some day. How nice that would be!"

So the next morning the fairy gave it fresh, green leaves.

"After all, these leaves are very pretty," said the pine.

"How pleasant the sun feels on them! I like the wind to wave them, too. Oh, I am very happy now! Thank you, dear fairy!"

But a greedy goat came by. "Ah, ha!" said he to himself. "Here is a splendid dinner! Such

juicy, green leaves! And such a little tree! It will be no trouble at all to reach them!" Then he ate and ate till the tree was bare.

"O dear, O dear!" said the little pine. "What a trouble leaves are, to be sure! Per-

haps they are good for big trees. But I wish I could have my needles again. For men do not steal them. The wind does not break them. And goats do not eat them. They are best for a little pine like me."

So next morning it had its own needles again.

And how glad it was to have them! It held them out to the sun. And it let the wind make music in them.

"These are the best," said the little pine. And it never again was unhappy.

From the German.

9

LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

—E. C. Brewer.

10

KING MIDAS

enough	merrily	Greece	garment	cellar
turned	Mercury	stranger	through	touched

Long ago King Midas lived in Greece. He was a king who liked gold better than anything else. He had bags and bags of it in his cellar.

One day, as he was counting his money, he said to himself: —

"This is not gold enough! I wish that I had much more."

Just then he heard some one behind him. He turned quickly to see who it was. A strange man was standing near the door.

"Who are you?" cried Midas. "How could you come in when the door is locked?"

"I am Mercury," answered the stranger, "and am one of the gods. I can go where I choose, so I came in through the keyhole.

"So you want more gold, King Midas?" asked Mercury.

"Yes," said Midas. "This is very little for a king."

"If I were to give you a wish, Midas, for what would you ask?" said Mercury.

Midas answered, "I should wish that everything I touched might turn to gold."

Mercury laughed merrily, and said, "Well, then, to-morrow morning when the sun rises, you may have the Golden Touch."

The next morning when Midas awoke, the sun was shining brightly. He jumped up and dressed himself. As he did so every garment turned to gold.

How glad he was! He ran about and touched everything in the room. Then he ran down into the garden and touched the flowers. It made him laugh to see them turn to gold, too.

"This will be a surprise for my little girl," said he. "She will have a golden garden. What fun I am having! Now I shall have all the gold that I want."

At last Midas went in to eat his breakfast. There were little fried fish and rolls on the table.

But when he tried to eat them, they turned to gold, too.

How hungry he was! But he could not eat gold.

11

KING MIDAS (*Concluded*)

presently	groaned	daughter	**sprinkle**
Marigold	sneezed	dreadful	**comfort**

PRESENTLY Midas heard some one crying. It was his little daughter, Marigold. She had been into the garden and had picked a golden rose.

"See, father," said she. "Some one has spoiled my roses."

Midas was sorry to have Marigold cry. He loved her very much. "Do not cry, little girl," said he. "Dry your eyes and see how beautiful the roses are. They can never fade now. You can keep them forever."

Then a dreadful thing happened. Midas tried to comfort Marigold. He kissed her, — and she, too, turned to gold!

Oh, how sorry Midas was! He called and called Marigold, but she could not answer. At last he called Mercury. "Dear Mercury," he cried. "Please come and help me. I have

changed my little girl to gold. I can never be happy again."

Mercury felt sorry for Midas and came to him.

"Let me ask you some questions, King Midas. Would you rather have a piece of bread, or the Golden Touch?"

Poor hungry Midas!

"I'd rather have the smallest crust than a box of gold," groaned he.

"Would you rather have the Golden Touch, or your little girl?"

"Oh, my little Marigold!" cried Midas. "She is better than all the gold in the world."

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas," said Mercury. "I will help you. Go to the river and jump in. The water will wash away the Golden Touch. Fill this jug with the same water and sprinkle what you wish changed back from gold."

Then Mercury went away.

King Midas ran to the river as fast as he could

and jumped in. He did not even take off his clothes. Then he ran back with the jug of water.

What do you think he sprinkled first? Why, Marigold, of course! He poured water over her until she sneezed.

"Father, dear," she cried. "Why are you sprinkling my new dress?"

Midas laughed for joy to hear her speak. "Now come to the garden," said he. "We will make the roses pink and sweet again. We will sprinkle everything I touched. I never want to see gold again."

12

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

leather	customer	finish
wondering	double	price

A SHOEMAKER once lived in a little town. He was a good man and worked hard.

But he was too poor to buy more leather. So at last there was only enough for one pair of shoes.

At night he cut out the shoes. But it was too late to make them. So he put them on his bench and went to bed.

In the morning he went to finish them. But there they were, all done! Done inside, and done outside!

Now this surprised the good man. It made his eyes grow bigger and bigger. For who in the world could have finished them?

"Wife," he called, "the shoes are done! Come and see." So she ran to see. Sure enough, there were the shoes all done. Then her eyes grew bigger and bigger, too. For who *could* have finished the shoes?

While they were wondering, in came a customer.

"Good morning," said he. "Have you shoes to sell?"

"One pair, sir," said the shoemaker. And he showed the pair on the bench.

"These are very fine shoes," said the customer. "You do not ask enough for them. I will pay you more."

So he paid the shoemaker double the price of the shoes.

Then there was money for more leather. So

the shoemaker bought enough for two more pairs of shoes.

He cut out the new leather at night. "I will

finish these shoes in the morning," said he. "Come, wife, it is late. Let us go to bed."

Next morning he went to his bench again. And there were the two pairs of shoes all finished! He and his wife wondered and won-

dered. For *who* could be kind enough to finish the shoes?

While they were wondering, in came two customers.

"Have you shoes to sell?" asked they.

"Two pairs, sirs," said the shoemaker. And he showed them the two pairs on the bench.

"Ah, these are fine shoes, indeed," said one customer. "So they are," said the other. "Let us pay this good man a high price for them."

So they paid him double the price of the shoes.

Then there was more money for leather. This time enough for four more pairs of shoes.

13

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER (*Concluded*)

to-night	ragged	suits
peeked	sewed	neatly

And so it went. Each night the shoemaker cut out his shoes. Each morning he found them

finished. And each day his customers paid him double. At last he began to be rich. But still he did not know who was making his shoes. So one night he called his wife. "Let us sit up to-night," said he. "We can hide behind the door. Then we can see who makes the shoes."

"Good!" said the wife. "Let us do so. I, too, should like to see who helps us."

So when the shoes were cut out, the old people hid. And they peeked through the crack of the door.

By and by, in ran two little ragged men. They were no bigger than your hand. Skippety hop! They ran to the bench. They picked up the shoes. Then rappety rap! How they worked! In no time the shoes were finished. Then hoppety skip, away they went again. And the old people rubbed their eyes to see if it was true. And it was; for there were the shoes all finished.

Next day the shoemaker's wife said: "The lit-

tle elves have been very kind to us. Let us do something to make them glad. Let us give them some new clothes. I will make the clothes, and you can make some little shoes."

So the good woman sewed all day. She made two little blue suits. Then she made some little white shirts. And last of all she knit two wee pairs of red stockings.

And the shoemaker made two tiny pairs of shoes.

At night they put the new clothes on the bench. Then they hid behind the door again.

The clock struck twelve. Then in skipped the two little elves.

Up they jumped to the shoemaker's bench. But there were no shoes to make. There were the new clothes to put on instead.

Whisk, went the old clothes off! And whisk, went the new clothes on!

Then the little men danced for joy.

They danced and skipped from the bench. They skipped and danced over the floor. Then they danced out of the door, singing these words: —

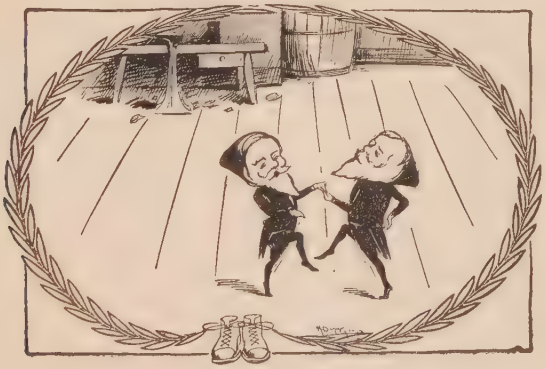
"Happy little elves are we,
Neatly dressed, as you can see,
No more shoemakers to be."

No one saw them again. But from that day the shoemaker had good luck. He was never sick.

He always had money for leather. And his customers paid him well.

So you must know that good luck will come where the elves have danced. But they never dance where men are bad and lazy.

— GRIMM'S *Fairy Tales.*

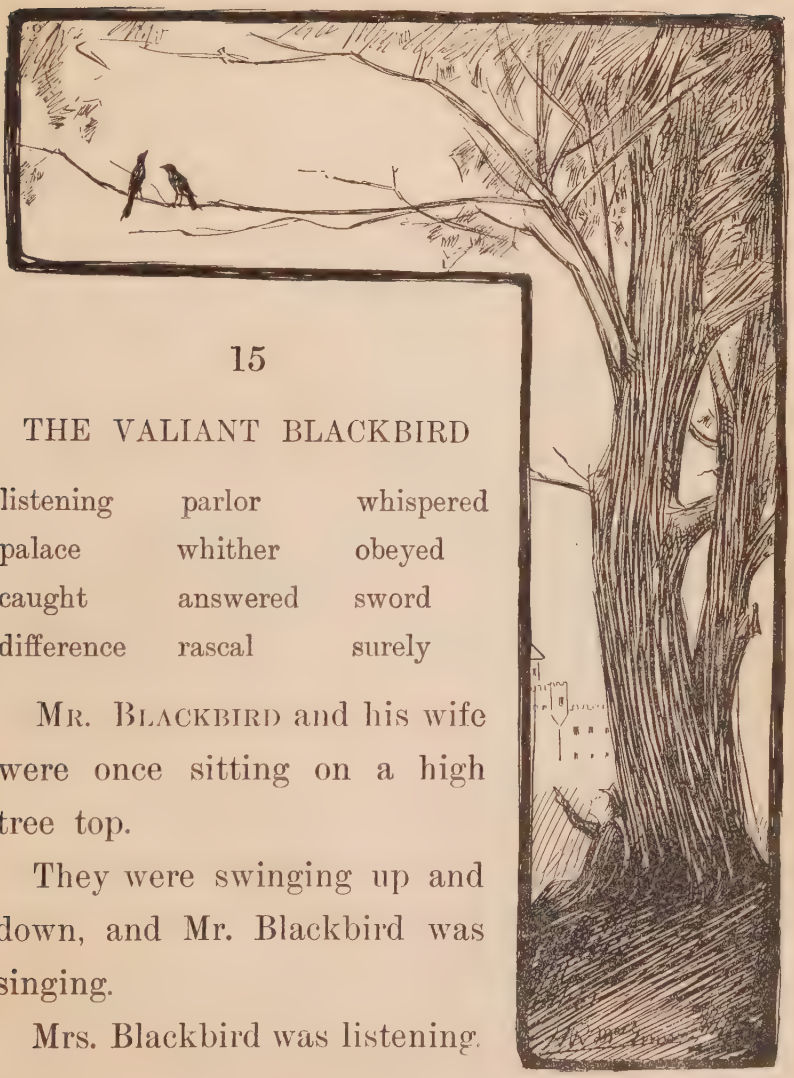


14

I MET a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



15

THE VALIANT BLACKBIRD

listening	parlor	whispered
palace	whither	obeyed
caught	answered	sword
difference	rascal	surely

Mr. Blackbird and his wife were once sitting on a high tree top.

They were swinging up and down, and Mr. Blackbird was singing.

Mrs. Blackbird was listening.

Down under the tree a man was listening, too.

"Hark!" said the man. "That is Blackbird who is singing. The King wants him caged to sing in the palace. I will set a trap for him here under the tree."

So Mr. Man set a trap for Blackbird.

He caught Mrs. Blackbird by mistake, but he didn't know the difference, so he carried Mrs. Blackbird off to the palace. And the King hung the cage in the parlor.

Then Mr. Blackbird was in a great rage.

He found a sword and a drum and ran down the street, crying, "War, war, war!" And as he ran he met a cat.

"Whither away, Mr. Blackbird?" asked she.

"To fight the King," cried Blackbird. "He has my wife caged in his parlor."

"I will go, too," said the cat, "for the King drowned my kitten."

"Then jump into my ear," said Blackbird.

So the cat jumped into his ear and went to sleep.

Then on ran Mr. Blackbird, crying, "War, war, war!"

Soon he met some ants.

"Whither away, Mr. Blackbird?" cried they.

"To fight the King," said Blackbird. "He has my wife caged and hung in his parlor."

"Let us go, too," said the ants.

"The King had hot water poured into our holes. We will fight him, too."

"Then jump into my ear," said Blackbird.

So in jumped the ants, and on ran Blackbird, crying, "War, war, war!"

"Whither away, Mr. Blackbird?" called a rope and a club.

"Off to the palace to fight the King," cried Blackbird. "He has caged my wife and has hung her in his parlor."

"Wait for us," cried the rope and the club. "We will go, too, and help you to fight."

"Then hurry and jump into my ear," said Blackbird.

So in jumped the rope and the club, and on ran Blackbird, crying, "War, war, war!"

Now, near the King's palace was a river, and as Blackbird was crossing, he heard it say, "Whither away so fast, Mr. Blackbird?"

And Blackbird answered: "To the palace to fight the King. He has my wife caged and hung in his parlor."

"Wait for me," cried the river, "I will go with you."

"Then make yourself small and pour into my ear," said Blackbird.

So the river dried itself into a little stream and slipped into Blackbird's ear.

Then Blackbird marched to the palace.

Blackbird knocked on the door with a thump, thump, thump.

"Who's there?" called the doorkeeper.

"It's I, General Blackbird, I've come to get back my wife!"

"Ha, ha," laughed the doorkeeper. "You can't come in."

"Then I will fight!" cried Blackbird; and he beat his drum loud and long.

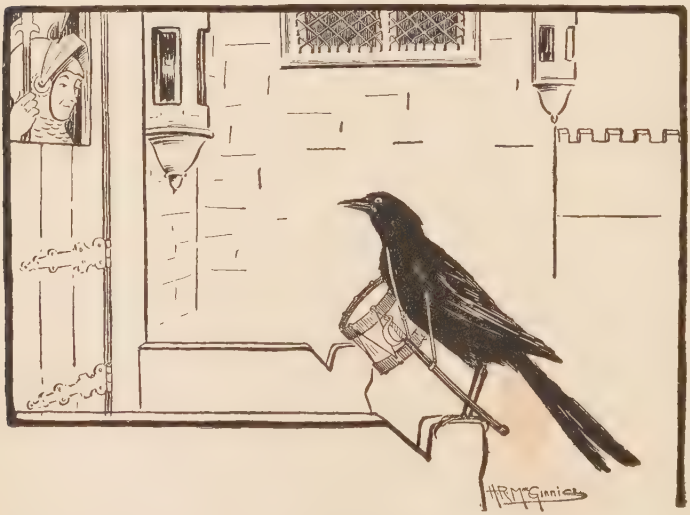
Just then the King looked out of the window.

"What do you want?" said the King.

"I want my wife," said Blackbird.

"You shan't have her!" said the King.

"Then we will fight," said Blackbird.



Now this made the King angry.

"Ho, men!" he called. "Seize this bad bird and put him in the henhouse. Let the hens peck him to death."

So at night the men locked Blackbird into the henhouse.

16

THE VALIANT BLACKBIRD (*Concluded*)

stable	obeyed	furious
whispered	elephants	troubled

But when the hens were asleep, Mr. Blackbird sang: —

"Come out, Pussy, from my ear,
There are hens in plenty here.
Scratch them, make their feathers fly,
Wring their necks until they die."

So out came pussy.

And then how the feathers flew!

She scratched every hen as dead as a doornail.

In the morning the King said: "Ho, men! Fetch me Mr. Dead Blackbird."

But when the men went to the henhouse, there sat Blackbird singing sweetly. And all about him lay the dead hens.

Of course the King was very angry.

"Put this rascal with the wild horses to-night," said he. "They will soon kill him."

So at night Blackbird was shut into the stable. But when all was still, he whispered: —

"Come out, Rope, and come out, Stick,
Tie the horses lest they kick;
Beat the horses on the head,
Beat them till they fall down dead."

Then the rope and the club obeyed. And every horse was killed.

Next morning the King felt very grand.

He sat high on his throne and said, "Ho, men!" all the time.

At last he said: "Ho, men! Get me the pieces of Mr. Blackbird."

So off ran the men to the stable.

But out in the stable Blackbird was singing merrily.

And all the wild horses were as dead as stones.

You may guess how angry the King was!

"All right," said he. "To-night this rascal must be tied with the elephants. They will soon finish him."

So at night Blackbird was tied with the elephants.

But when all was still, he whispered: —

"Come out from my ear, you Ants,
Come and sting the elephants;
Sting their trunk, and sting their head,
Sting them till they fall down dead."

And then the ants came hurrying out. They bit and stung the elephants till every one was dead.

In the morning the King said again, "Ho, there, fetch me the scraps of Mr. Blackbird."

But down in the elephants' house Blackbird was singing away and singing away.

And all the elephants were as dead as logs.

Then the King was furious.

"THEN THE RIVER CAME POUR, POUR, POURING."

"To-night I will have this bad bird in my own room," said he. So they put Blackbird in the King's room, and they thought he would surely die of fright before morning.

But in the middle of the night the King heard Blackbird say: —

"Come out, River, from my ear,
Flow about the bedroom here;
Pour yourself upon the bed,
Drown the King till he is dead."

And then the river came pour, pour, pouring from Blackbird's ear. It flooded the room, and the King began to get wet.

"Ho, General Blackbird," called the King, "take your wife and begone!" So Blackbird got his wife from the cage in the parlor.

Then he and she and the cat and the ants and the club and the rope and the river all went home. And the King never troubled them more.

— WILLIAM CANTON: *True Annals of Fairy Land.*

17

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

guitar elegant runcible wonderfully tarried

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are, —
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderfully sweet you sing!
O let us be married, — too long we have tarried, —
But what shall we do for a ring?"

"THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT WENT TO SEA."

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong tree grows;
And there in a wood, a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose, —
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon, —
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

— Edward Lear.

18

BELLING THE CAT

proud catches squeaked excellent

ONCE upon a time the mice all came together to talk about the cat.

"We must think of a plan to get away from her," said one old mouse. "She has eaten too many of us. By and by none of us will be left. So what shall we do?"

Then they all thought very hard. One mouse said one thing; another said another.

At last one proud young mouse stood up.

"You know, my brothers," said he, "the cat is very still. We never hear her when she comes. That is why she catches so many of us. We do not hear her in time to run.

"I have a good plan; so listen! Let us tie a bell around Mrs. Cat's neck. Then we can hear her when she is coming, and run away."

"Hurrah!" squeaked all the mice. "Our dear young friend has thought of an excellent plan! Let us run and buy a bell."

But just then an old mouse spoke.

"Wait a bit," said he. "Your plan is very good. But who will tie the bell on the cat?"

Then each mouse looked at another, and they all said, "Sure enough, — Who?"

— Æsop's *Fables*

19

THE DONKEY AND THE LOAD OF SALT

purpose loaded sponges

A MAN and his donkey were once traveling toward a town. On the donkey's back were two heavy bags of salt.

"Dear me," thought the donkey, "these bags are very heavy. I wish the man had to carry them himself."

As they were crossing a brook, the donkey stumbled and fell into the water.

When he got up again, there was no salt left in the bags. Do you know why?

Well, it happened that on another day they

had to cross the same brook. The donkey was again carrying bags of salt.

When he reached the middle of the stream, he said to himself: "I will fall in on purpose Then I shall be rid of the salt again."

So he stumbled and fell on purpose, and again the load was made light. So up got Mr. Donkey, feeling very proud of himself.

Next day the man loaded the donkey with sponges. "Now," said the man, "we shall see about Mr. Donkey's trick."

They started again for the town, and as they came to the stream Mr. Donkey blinked his eyes.

"I will fool Mr. Man again," thought he.

So down he fell into the water. But when he got up, his load was twice as heavy. All the sponges were full of water.

So by trying to cheat his master, he only cheated himself.

—Æsop's *Fables.*

20

THE VOWELS. A RIDDLE

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

—Jonathan Swift.

21

THE BOX WITH SOMETHING IN IT

roadside locked blew peeped bottom

A LITTLE boy once went walking. By and by he found a little box by the roadside.

"There must be something pretty in this," said he. He tried to open the box. It was locked. He walked on a little way, and found a little gold key.

"Perhaps this will fit my box," said he.

So first he blew the dust out of the key. Then he blew the dust from the keyhole. Then he turned the key in the keyhole.

"Snap!" went the key. And it opened the box. But you can never guess what was in the box.

Then the boy peeped in. Way down at the bottom was a little mouse's tail.

Now if the tail had been longer, this tale would have been longer, too.

22

THE COW

pleasant	yellow	purple	bubbling
hemlock	pretty	cowslip	violet

THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

—JANE TAYLOR.

"THANK YOU, PRETTY COW."

23

THE FOX AND THE CROW

Master Renard glossy flatterers advice

A FOX once saw a crow fly off with a piece of cheese. She carried it in her beak to a branch of a tree.

"That's for me, as sure as I am a Fox," said Master Renard. So he walked to the foot of the tree.

"Good day, Mistress Crow," cried he. "How well you are looking to-day! How glossy your feathers are!

"How bright your eye is!

"I feel sure that your voice must be sweet.

"Just let me hear one song from you. Then I will greet you as the queen of birds."

The crow lifted up her head. She began to caw her best.

But the moment she opened her mouth, the piece of cheese fell out.

Then Master Fox snapped it up.

"That was all I wanted," said he.

"For your cheese, Mistress Crow, I will give you this advice: —

'Do not trust flatterers.'"

— Æsop's *Fables.*

24

ONE EYE, TWO EYES, AND THREE EYES

youngest spread scolded stupid

THERE were once three little sisters who all lived together. Two of them were as ugly as toads. But the youngest was as sweet and as pretty as a rose.

The eldest of these children had one big eye. So her name was One Eye. The next had three green eyes. So her name was Three Eyes. But the youngest had two pretty brown eyes like yours. So she was called Two Eyes.

Well, One Eye and Three Eyes were as bad as they were ugly. They hated little Two Eyes because she was pretty and sweet. So they pushed her, and they slapped her. They scolded

her, and they teased her. They made her sleep in the cellar with rats and mice. They threw old clothes to her. Worst of all, they did not give her enough to eat.

Each day Two Eyes had to drive the goat to the field. There she would sit all day and cry. And, oh, how hungry she was! One day, when she was crying, a little old lady came by.

"Why, child," said she, "what is the matter? Why do you cry?"

Then Two Eyes told her everything.

"Cheer up, little Two Eyes," said the old lady. "You need never be hungry again. Just say to your goat: —

'Little goat, if you're able,
Pray deck out my table.'

Then a little table will appear. It will be spread with good things to eat. When you have eaten enough, say: —

'Little goat May,
Table away.'

And the table will go."

Then the kind little lady went away. As soon as she had gone, Two Eyes stopped crying.

"I will try if it is true," thought she. So she said: —

"Little goat, if you're able,
Pray deck out my table."

And as quick as a wink a little table appeared. It was covered with the whitest cloth. And there were forks and knives and spoons on it,

and, best of all, there was such a good dinner! Little Two Eyes ate all she could eat.

Then she said: —

"Little goat May,
Table away."

And in a moment the table had gone.

"That is a very nice way to keep house," said Two Eyes. "It is no trouble at all. Thank you, kind Somebody, for my dinner."

At night One Eye and Three Eyes threw scraps of their dinner to Two Eyes.

"Here, stupid," said they, "you may have these for your supper." But Two Eyes was not hungry. So she would not eat. She left her sisters and went to bed.

"Two Eyes must have been eating in the field," said the sisters. "That will never do. She may grow prettier than she is now. One of us will go with her to-morrow. Then we can find out what she eats."

25

ONE EYE, TWO EYES, AND THREE EYES

(*Continued*)

softly to-morrow grumbled stayed

So in the morning One Eye went to the field with Two Eyes. They sat under a tree all day. By and by Two Eyes said, "Shall I sing to you, sister?"

"Yes, and hurry up. I am tired."

So Two Eyes sang this song: —

"Are you awake, little One Eye?
Are you asleep, little One Eye?
Are you awake?
Are you asleep?
Awake?
Asleep?"

By the time she had finished, One Eye was fast asleep. So Two Eyes whispered: —

"Little goat, if you're able,
Pray deck out my table."

And again the little table stood before her. So she ate her dinner quickly. Then she called softly: —

"Little goat May,
Table away."

And the table disappeared.

When One Eye awoke, Two eyes said: —

"Come, sister, the sun has set. We must go."

So they drove the little goat home.

At supper Three Eyes said, "Here are your scraps, Miss Two Eyes." But Two Eyes ate nothing and went to bed.

Then said Three Eyes to One Eye: —

"What did you see in the field to-day?"

"Nothing at all," said One Eye, "for Two Eyes sang me to sleep."

Then Three Eyes was angry. "I'll go myself to-morrow," said she. "No one can sing me to sleep!"

So next day Three Eyes went to the field with Two Eyes. How she grumbled! It made her hot to walk so far. So when they came to the field, Two Eyes said: —

"Sit down, sister. I will sing while you rest."

So she sang: —

"Are you awake, little Three Eyes?
Are you asleep, little Three Eyes?
Are you awake?
Are you asleep?
Awake?
Asleep?"

Three Eyes was very sleepy. First one green eye went to sleep. Then another green eye went to sleep. But the third green eye stayed awake. Two Eyes did not know this. She thought all three of the eyes were asleep. So she whispered: —

"Little goat, if you're able,
Pray deck out my table."

Then she ate her good dinner and said: —

"Little goat May,
Table away."

While she was eating, Three Eyes peeped out of the third green eye and saw everything. But she lay as if asleep.

By and by Two Eyes said: —

"Come, sister, we must go."

So they drove the little goat home again.

At supper Three Eyes told One Eye what had happened. So at night they crept into the yard They found the little goat and killed it.

"Now, Miss Two Eyes cannot eat her fine dinners," said they.

The next morning Two Eyes went to the field alone. She sat there and cried and cried.

"Ah, poor little goat!" she cried.

"And poor little Two Eyes, too! For now I shall starve."

26

ONE EYE, TWO EYES, AND THREE EYES

(*Concluded*).

branches	snatched	appeared
quarreled	beautiful	strange

But soon the little old lady came again.

"What, crying again, Two Eyes!" said she. "What is the matter now, my child?"

"Ah," said little Two Eyes. "My sisters have killed the goat. So now I must starve."

"Go home, little Two Eyes," said the kind old lady. "Ask your sisters for the goat's heart. Then plant it under your window."

So little Two Eyes ran home.

"Dear sister," said she, "do please give me the little goat's heart."

"Take it," said Three Eyes.

Then Two Eyes planted it under her window.

Next day a tree grew where the heart was planted. Its leaves were of silver; and gold apples hung on its branches.

"Oh, see our fine tree," said One Eye and Three Eyes. "Now we shall be rich."

"Climb up, One Eye," said Three Eyes. "Pick some of those shining apples."

So One Eye climbed. But the apples seemed to be alive. When One Eye touched them, they would swing away.

"Get down!" said Three Eyes. "I will pick them myself. You are too stupid."

So up climbed Three Eyes. But she could do no better.

Then One Eye and Three Eyes quarreled. They slapped and pushed each other.

While they were quarreling, Two Eyes came. "May I try to pick some apples?" said she.

"You, indeed!" said the sisters, "pray what can you do with only two eyes?"

But Two Eyes climbed up. It was easy for her to pick the apples. They dropped into her hand. So she picked till her apron was full. Then she came down.

One Eye and Three Eyes snatched the apples away from her. "These are too good for you," said they.

Soon after this a prince appeared. He was riding a beautiful horse.

"Run and hide, Two Eyes," said the sisters. "The prince must not see you. We are ashamed of you." So they pushed her under a barrel.

LITTLE TWO EYES AND THE PRINCE.

The prince saw the silver tree. Then he stopped and spoke to the sisters.

"Whose beautiful tree is this?" said he.

"It is mine," said One Eye.

"It is mine," said Three Eyes.

Then they both tried to pick an apple. But the apples danced high in the air; and the sisters could not reach them.

"This is strange," said the prince. "If the tree is yours, why can you not pick the apples?"

Then Two Eyes came from under the barrel.

"I will get you an apple," said she. And she easily picked as many as she could carry.

"Little Two Eyes," said the prince, "what shall I give you for these?"

"Oh, sir," said Two Eyes, "take me away from my sisters. They beat and starve me."

So the prince carried her far away to his father's castle. And the silver tree went too.

One fine day Two Eyes grew up, so of course she married the prince.

Then she sent for her sisters and was kind tc them. And they were as sorry as sorry could be. And ever after they were as good as good can be.

—GRIMM'S *Fairy Tales.*

27

THE LITTLE COCK-SPARROW

A LITTLE cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped and chirruped, so merry was he;
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.
"This little cock-sparrow shall make me a stew;
And his giblets shall make me a little pie, too;"
"Oh, no! said the sparrow, I won't make a stew,"
So he flapped his wings and away he flew.

— *Mother Goose.*

28

LITTLE GUSTAVA

icicles	wreath	crimson	eager	terrier
quaint	marigolds	dainty	bashful	creatures

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim.
"Ha, ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray coaxing cat
With her little pink nose, and she mews, "What's that?"

"GOOD DAY!" CRIES LITTLE GUSTAVA.

Gustava feeds her, — she begs for more;
And a little brown hen walks in at the door.
"Good day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and crimson feet:
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs.
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
"Ha, ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on brick floor brown;
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks like silk:
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow:
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried.
But they were too bashful, and stood outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat,
With doves and biddy and dog and cat.
And her mother came to the open house-door,
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava!"

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves.
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, oh, her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

—Celia Thaxter

29

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

Christmas	piece	greedy	pocus
goblin	ahead	hocus	obey

THERE were once two men who were brothers. One was rich, and the other poor.

On Christmas Day the poor man had nothing to eat. So he went to his brother and asked for food.

"If you will go to the house of the goblins," said the brother, "you may have some meat."

The poor man promised to go.

"Take this, then," said the rich man. And he flung out a piece of meat.

The poor man remembered his promise, and he started off to the goblins' house. But he did not know the way. He walked and walked until night time. At last a bright light shone ahead.

"This may be the place," thought he. So he

turned in at the gate. An old, old man was there. He was cutting wood for the Christmas fire.

"Good evening," said the man with the meat.

"The same to you," said the old, old man.

"Do the goblins live here, old man?"

"They do, indeed," answered the wood cutter. "But if you go in with the meat, they will all want it. Tell them to give you the little mill behind the door. Then throw the meat among them. They will fight for it. Then you can run out with the mill. And I will show you how to use it."

So tap, tap, tap at the door went the poor man. And a big, big goblin opened it. Then all the goblins wanted the meat. But the man held it fast.

"Give me the little mill behind the door," said he, "and I will give you the meat for it."

At first they would not; but they were greedy.

So — "Yes! yes!" they all cried. And the biggest goblin got the mill.

"Now, then, here is the meat!" said the man. And he flung it among them.

Then such a fight there never was! So the man ran out with the mill. And the old man taught him to use it. Then he took it home.

"Now where in the world have you been?" asked his wife.

"Oh, I've been where I've been," said the man with the mill.

"What did you get for dinner?" said she.

"Oh, you shall see what you shall see," answered the man.

Then he put the mill upon the table.

"Wife," said he, "it is dark. Let us have some light."

Then he said to the mill, "Grind lights for us." "Whir-r-r-r" went the mill And out came lamps all lighted.

"Hocus-pocus, stop!" said the man. For that was the way to stop the mill.

"Now grind us forks and knives. Then grind us food for two," said he.

So the mill obeyed. And soon they were eating a fine dinner.

30

WHY THE SEA IS SALT (*Continued*)

neighbor stingy flopped scold

WELL, each day the mill obeyed the man. From morning till night he had it grind something good or something pretty.

One day the wife said: "Let us give a big dinner. And let us invite your stingy brother."

"We will give it to-day," said the man.

So all the neighbors came. And so did the rich brother.

Now when the rich brother saw such fine food, he could hardly eat. He was too cross.

"Where in the world did you get these things?" said he.

"Oh," said the owner of the mill, "they came from behind the door!"

But he was proud of the mill. So by and by he brought it out. He made it grind for his brother.

Of course the rich man wanted it. He begged for it, and he scolded for it.

At last the poor brother said: "I will sell the mill But you must pay me three hundred dollars for it."

"I will," said the rich brother. So he paid the money and went off with the mill.

When the rich man got home, he called his wife.

"Wife, wife," said he. "Go to the hayfield for me to-day. I will stay home and get the dinner."

The wife was glad. She was tired of cooking dinners.

"Well, then," said she, "get ready some soup and fish."

"Soup and fish it shall be," answered the rich man. When he was alone, he got the mill.

"Grind soup and fish!" said he. "And grind them fast!"

No sooner said than "Whir-r-r-r" went the mill. And out poured soup and fish.

First the dishes were filled, then the pans and then the tubs.

"Stop, mill!" called the rich man. But that was not the way to stop it. So it ground on and on.

Soon the kitchen was full, then the pantry, then the hall, and then the parlor. Soup poured out of the doors, and fish flopped out of the windows.

Out rushed the rich man and down the hill. And down roared the soup at his heels. Soon the man saw his wife.

"Wife, wife!" he cried. "Call the men, then drink for your lives! For the town will be drowned in soup! I'm off for my brother to stop the mill."

So the wife and the haymakers sat down by the soup stream. They drank and drank. But

"THE RICH MAN RUSHED DOWN THE HILL."

down poured the soup. And down flopped the fish!

Then the rich man ran to his brother. "Quick, quick!" he called. "Run and stop your mill. The town will be drowned in soup!"

31

WHY THE SEA IS SALT (*Concluded*)

money	whisper	whistle	merchant
treated	punished	busy	whisper

Now the poor brother was busy. He was smoking his pipe.

"Come in, brother," said he. "Take a chair. What is this about soup? The mill will not stop, do you say? Well, go home and stop it yourself. It is your mill now."

"Oh," said the rich man, "I'll pay you money to take it away. Only hurry!"

"How much money?" said the poor man.

"Oh, a thousand dollars if you wish. Be quick!"

So up jumped the poor man. He ran to the

brother's house. Then he waded through soup to the mill.

"Hocus-pocus, stop!" he whispered. And at the word, the mill obeyed. So the poor man had the mill and the money, too. And the rich

man was well punished for the way he had treated his poor brother.

Well, the days and the years went by. The mill ground and ground for the poor man.

At last he could think of nothing more for it to grind. So it was put on the shelf behind the door.

But people had heard of it all over the world. One day a merchant came to the town to see it.

"Can the mill grind salt?" asked he.

"Can it, indeed!" said the owner. "Let me show you!" So he took the mill from its shelf. Then said he, "Grind salt!" So out poured salt. Then "Hocus-pocus, stop!" he whispered.

"Will you sell the mill?" asked the merchant.

At first the owner said, "No." But he could think of nothing for it to grind. So he said, "Yes, for ten thousand dollars."

"That you shall have," said the merchant. So he paid the money and took the mill. He

was pleased, too. He whistled a tune as he went to his ship.

Next morning the merchant set sail. When he was far from land, he took the mill on deck.

"Grind salt!" said he. "And grind it fast!" So "Whir-r-r-r-r-r" went the mill. And out poured salt. First the bags were filled. Then the boxes and then the baskets.

"Stop!" cried the merchant. But that did not stop it. No one had learned "Hocus-pocus." So on ground the mill. And "Whirr, whirr," the salt grew deeper. Lower and lower sank the ship.

At last the merchant was frightened. He thought the ship would go to the bottom. So he caught up the mill, and he threw it into the sea.

Down, down, it sank to the bottom, grinding and grinding. Some say it is grinding still. If you do not believe it, go and taste the water in the sea.

— Old Norse Tale.

32

LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold:
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

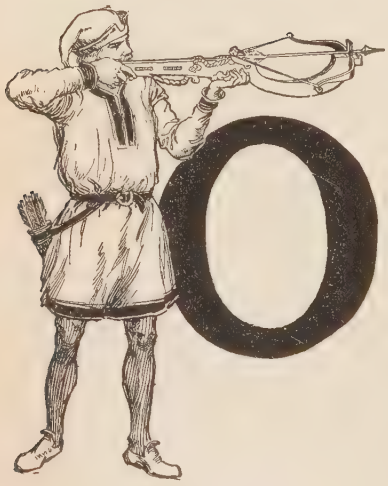
—Lord Houghton.

"LADY MOON, WHERE ARE YOU ROVING?"

33

WILLIAM TELL

ocean	Gessler	commands	against
Switzerland	soldier	afraid	awful



ON the other side of the ocean there is a small country called Switzerland. It is now a free country like ours. But once it was not free; it was ruled by a tyrant called Gessler. He was a proud and cruel man. All the people hated him. But they were afraid of him and had to obey him.

One day Gessler thought he would see how well the people would obey him. So he called in one of his soldiers and said to him: —

"Take my cap and put it on the top of a tall pole in the market place in the middle of the town. Then go and tell the people of the town

that every one who passes by the pole with my cap on it must bow down before it."

So the soldier went out and placed the cap on the top of the pole. Then he went through the town, crying: —

"O ye people of Switzerland! Gessler commands that you shall all bow down before his cap on the pole in the market place!"

So the people all bowed down before the cap as they passed it. They hated to do this, but they were afraid of the proud and cruel Gessler.

But there was one man who was not afraid, and who would not bow down. This man was the brave William Tell. He walked by the pole, and held his head very high.

Now when Gessler heard what William Tell had done, he was very angry. He made up his mind to punish the bold man who had dared to disobey him. So he told his soldiers to bring Tell before him.

Now Tell was a famous hunter. So when Tell was brought before him, Gessler said: —

"I have heard that you can shoot with your bow and arrow better than any man in Switzerland. You must show me how well you can

shoot. You must place your little son against the big pole in the market place, under my cap, and shoot an apple on his head."

Tell begged Gessler not to make him try this awful thing.

"My hand might tremble," he said, "or the boy might move; or the wind might turn the arrow aside, and I might kill my boy."

But the cruel Gessler only laughed at him. He hoped that Tell would kill his boy. And he said: —

"If you do not obey me, I shall order one of my soldiers to shoot your son."

Now the little boy was with his father, and heard all this.

"Do not be afraid to try, father," he said; "I am not at all afraid. I know you will hit the apple, and will not hurt me."

34

WILLIAM TELL (*Concluded*)

carefully	minute	tyrant
people	frowning	angry

THEN the brave little boy went and stood by the pole. His father went to the other side of the market place. He chose the best one of his arrows, and put it carefully on the string of his bow. Then he drew back the string, took slow and careful aim, and let the arrow fly.

As the arrow left the bow, Tell turned his face away. He dared not look to see what he had done. But all the people around clapped their hands, and sent up a happy shout. Then Tell looked up, knowing that his boy was safe. The arrow had gone through the middle of the apple.

In a minute the boy had run and leaped into his father's arms.

"See, father, see," he cried, "I am safe; I knew you could do it!"

And again the people made a great shout of joy. Just then an arrow dropped from under Tell's coat and fell to the ground.

"What is this?" said Gessler, frowning; "what is this second arrow for?"

The brave William Tell looked straight into the angry tyrant's face, and said:—

"This arrow I should have sent through your heart if I had killed my boy!"

Gessler would have had his soldiers kill the brave man. But again the people sent up such a cry of joy at Tell's bravery, that Gessler did not dare to harm him.

The old story tells us that not long after this William Tell did send an arrow through the heart of Gessler, and so set his country free.

—Swiss Legend.

"OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD."

35

THANKSGIVING DAY

sleigh	grandmother	hurrah
thanksgiving	drifted	pudding
grandfather	extremely	pumpkin

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood —
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.

Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate
We seem to go
Extremely slow, —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood —
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

— Lydia Maria Child.

36

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

wicked	Canterbury	velvet	untrue	answer
England	goblet	guest	question	whole

THERE was once a king of England who called himself "good King John."

He was really not a good king at all. He was wicked and cruel, and cared nothing for his people. And the people all hated him and feared him. The King knew that the people did not like him, but he was rich and great, and he did not care.

In the country of England there is a town called Canterbury. In this town there lived an old abbot. He had a fine big house and many servants, and lived like a king.

Every day he asked a hundred nobles to dinner with him. They ate from golden plates and

drank out of golden goblets. They were waited on by fifty knights dressed in velvet.

When King John heard how the Abbot of Canterbury lived, he was very angry. He did not want any one to be rich and great except himself. So he sent a letter to the old Abbot, and told him to come at once to London, where the King lived. When the Abbot came before King John, he was much afraid. He saw that the King was angry, but he did not dare to run away.

"How now, Father Abbot," said the King, "I hear bad things of you. My nobles tell me that you live in a fine house, and have a hundred guests to dinner every day. Perhaps you are trying to be as rich and great as the King."

"No, my lord," said the Abbot. "These stories of my great riches are all untrue. I do not try to live like the King, and I spend nothing but what is my own."

"I cannot believe you," cried the King. "You are spending too much money, and using the riches that belong to me. Therefore you must die. But in spite of your faults I will show you

that I am really the 'good King John.' I will give you one chance to save your life. You must answer me truly three questions, or else you shall lose your head."

"What are these questions, my lord?" asked the Abbot.

"First," replied the King, "you must tell me to one penny what I am worth. Second, you must tell me how long it would take me to ride around the whole world. And third, you must tell me truly what I am thinking."

"These are hard questions, my lord," said the abbot, "but if you will give me two weeks to think them over, I will try to find the answers."

"I will give you just two weeks," replied the King. "If you cannot answer the three questions then, you must lose your head."

37

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

(*Concluded*)

Oxford	teacher	trouble	Joseph
college	shepherd	servant	silver

The Abbot went away feeling very sad. He felt sure that he could never answer the King's

questions. He was rich and great, but that did not help him now.

He went to a town named Oxford, where there was a famous college. He asked all the teachers in the college to tell him the answers to the King's three questions. But none of them could. So the Abbot went to the town of Cambridge, where there was another famous college. He asked all the teachers there to tell him the answers to King John's three questions. But none of them could.

Then the Abbot rode home feeling very sad. He could not find any answers to the questions, and he was sure that he would have to die. As he went up the road to his house he met his shepherd.

"Welcome home, master," cried the shepherd. "What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd," replied the

Abbot; "for I have just three days more to live." Then he told the shepherd all that had happened.

"Do not be afraid, master," said the shepherd. "I think that I can help you out of your trouble. Have you never heard it said that a fool can teach a wise man wit? Let me go to London in your place. People say that I look very much like you. So lend me your fine clothes, your horse, and your servants, and I will go to London to answer the King's three questions. When I am dressed up, no one can tell that I am not the real Abbot of Canterbury."

The Abbot was very glad to do as the shepherd asked. The next day he dressed up the shepherd in his own fine clothes, and put a golden chain about his neck. He put the shepherd on his fine horse, and gave him a dozen servants to take with him. Then the shepherd set out for London.

When he came before the King, no one could tell that he was not the real Abbot of Canterbury.

"Now, welcome, Father Abbot," cried the King. "I see you have kept your word, and I shall keep mine, too. If you cannot answer the three questions, you shall lose your head."

"I will try to answer them, my lord," said the shepherd.

"Very well," laughed the King. "Tell me first, to one penny, what I am worth."

"Saint Joseph was sold for twenty pence," replied the shepherd, "and therefore you are worth nineteen pence. For I think you are one penny worse than he."

The King laughed loud at the answer, and said: "We will call that answer right, but I really did not think I was worth so little. Now for the second question. How long would it take me to ride round the world?"

"If you get up in the morning with the sun

and ride with it all day and night until the next morning, then it will take you just twenty-four hours to ride around the whole world."

"That is a good answer," said the King, "but I did not think it could be done so soon. Now for the third question. Can you tell me truly just what I am thinking?"

"Yes, that I can do, and make Your Grace merry," replied the shepherd. "You think that I am the Abbot of Canterbury. But I am only his poor shepherd who has come in his place to beg pardon for him and for me."

As the shepherd spoke, he threw off the Abbot's fine robe and golden chain. Then the King saw that under them were the shepherd's own clothes. King John laughed harder than ever at the joke. He was so pleased with the shepherd's wit that he cried out:—

"I will make you Lord Abbot this day in place of your master." The shepherd begged the King

not to do this. He could not read or write, and so would make a poor Lord Abbot of Canterbury.

"Very well," said the King. "I will not make you Abbot. But I will give you four pieces of sil-

ver every week so long as you live, in payment for this merry jest you have shown me; and when you go home again, you may tell Father Abbot that you have brought him a pardon from good King John."

38

THE LOST DOLL

charmingly	heath	changed
terribly	trodden	curled

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
And I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,

And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

—Charles Kingsley.

39

HANSEL AND GRETEL

Gretel (Grā'tel) different
thought crumb

ONCE upon a time a little boy and girl lived near a forest. They were brother and sister, and their names were Hansel and Gretel.

Their father was good and kind, and loved them very much. But the mother loved no one but herself.

Now once, when times were hard, the father could not earn much money. So his family were often hungry.

One night there was no supper at all. So

Hansel and Gretel went to bed early. But they could not sleep because they were hungry.

By and by they heard their mother speak. She said: "To-morrow let us take the children to the forest. We will leave them to find their way out alone. Perhaps they will never find the way. Then you and I can have their food."

Then the father said: "No, I will not do this thing. If we lose the children, wild animals will kill them!"

"You are very foolish," answered the mother. "If we keep the children, all of us must starve. There is not enough food for four. But if we lose the children, then you and I can live."

The mother talked so long that at last the father thought she must be right. So he promised to help lose the children.

Now Hansel and Gretel heard all that they said.

Poor little Gretel cried and cried. And Han-

sel felt like crying, too. But he whispered to Gretel, "Do not cry, little sister. I will try to find some help."

Then he put on his clothes and crept out of

the house. And when he came back his pockets were full of little white stones.

In the morning the mother called: "Get up, get up, children. We are going to the forest for wood. Hurry and dress yourselves."

And when they were dressed, she said, "Here is some bread. Save part of it for dinner, for you will get nothing else all day."

Then the father got his ax, and they all started for the forest. As they walked, Hansel dropped the little white stones to mark the way. By and by they all came to a dark place in the forest.

"Now let us rest," said the mother.

So the father made a fire. And the children sat down to eat their bread.

"Now father and I must go for more wood," said the mother. "Stay here and rest. When we have wood enough we will come back for you."

Then the father and mother went away. And the children sat by the fire a long, long time. They were very tired. So at last they fell asleep. When they awoke, it was dark night. And they knew that their father and mother would not come back for them.

Then Gretel asked, "How can we get out of the forest now?"

But Hansel answered, "Wait till the moon rises. I will soon find the way."

And when the moon came up, Hansel's stones shone in the pathway. So the children followed them home.

When they knocked at the door, their father opened it. How glad he was to see them! He warmed them by the fire, and he gave them his own breakfast. And he laughed with pleasure to see them eat.

Then he called the mother, and she came running in.

"Oh, you dear children!" she said. "Where have you been? We thought you must be lost."

Then she kissed them and said that she was glad to see them. But in her heart she was angry, for she wanted to be rid of them.

At night the mother went to the father again.

"We must try again," said she. "The children found their way out of the forest to-day. But we will take them to a different place to-morrow."

Hansel heard her say this. So he tried to go out for more stones.

But the door was locked, and he could not get out. But he told Gretel not to cry.

"We shall find something to help us, little sister," said he.

So Gretel did not cry, but went fast asleep.

40

HANSEL AND GRETEL (*Concluded*)

listen	suddenly	pancake
apple	heaven	witch

THE next morning they all started for the forest again. This time Hansel had no white stones to mark the path.

But he had a piece of bread. So he dropped crumbs along the way.

And he whispered to Gretel, "These will show us the way home."

They walked on and on. By and by the same things happened as before. The father and mother left the children to rest by the fire.

And again they said, "Stay here till we come back."

Then the children waited and waited. And when night came, Hansel said: —

"When the moon rises, I will find the way home by the crumbs. Do not be afraid, little Gretel."

But when the moon arose there were no crumbs to be seen. The little wild birds had eaten them.

So now the children were really lost. For three days they walked about in the forest. They were almost dead from hunger.

"We shall die soon," said Gretel. "Do you think we can ever find something to eat, Hansel?"

Just then a white bird sang near them. "Listen," said Hansel. "Oh, you beautiful bird!"

And the children crept close to listen. The bird flew on, and the children followed. Then it sang again and it flew again.

By and by it led the children to a little house. Such a good little house! It was built of bread and cake. Its windows were made of sugar. And its roof was made of buns.

"Goody, goody!" cried the children. And then how they did eat! Gretel ate the windows and Hansel had part of the roof.

While they were eating they heard a voice say: —

"Tap, tap, who goes there?"

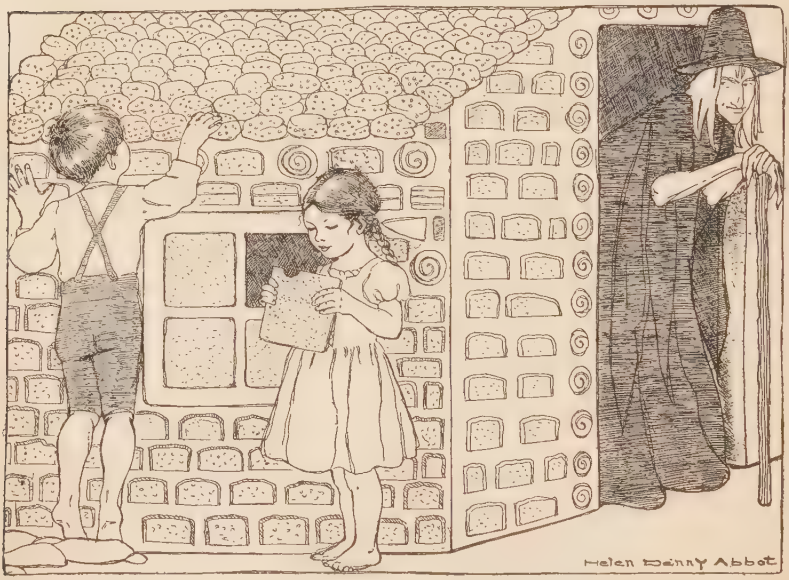
And the children went on eating and said: —

"The wind, the wind,
That blows the air."

Suddenly the door opened and an old woman came out.

She was an ugly old woman. But she smiled at the children.

"Welcome, my pretty dears," she said. "I



love little children. Will you come into my good little house? No harm shall come to you."

Then she took them by the hand and led them into the house.

She gave them milk and pancakes and apples

and nuts. Then she put them into soft little beds and kissed them.

Hansel and Gretel thought they must be in heaven. So they went to sleep as happy as could be.

Now this old woman was not really kind and good. She was a witch. She was kind to children only to catch them. Then she would cook them and eat them up. So when she saw Hansel and Gretel asleep, she laughed.

"Ha, ha!" she said. "I will make pies of them."

Then she put Hansel in a cage in the barn.

"Stay there till you are fat," said she.

And the next morning she woke Gretel and shook her.

"Get up, lazy bones," said the witch. "You must cook food for Hansel. I have locked him in a cage. And when he is fat I will eat him."

So poor Gretel had to do as she was told.

Every day the witch carried food to Hansel. She could not see very well. So she would say: —

"Put out your finger, Hansel. Let me feel if you are fat enough to eat."

But Hansel did not wish to be eaten. So he put out a little bone instead of his finger. This fooled the witch. She thought he was still too thin to eat.

Four weeks went by. At last the witch could wait no longer. She called Gretel.

"Go and make the oven hot," she said. "I will make a pie of Hansel to-day. Hurry and build the fire while I mix the crust."

So Gretel got the wood and built the fire.

"Now get into the oven and see if it is hot," said the witch.

But Gretel knew better than to do that.

"If I get in," thought she, "I shall be cooked, too."

So she said, "I do not know how to get in. Please show me how."

"Silly goose!" said the witch. "This is the way." So she got into the oven.

Then Gretel banged the door and locked her in. So the old witch was caught. How she howled! But Gretel ran away and let her bake. She ran as fast as she could to Hansel's cage.

"Oh, Hansel!" she cried, "the witch is dead! Let us get her box of silver and gold, and run away."

So they found her box of silver and gold, and ran away through the forest. And the little bird led them to their home.

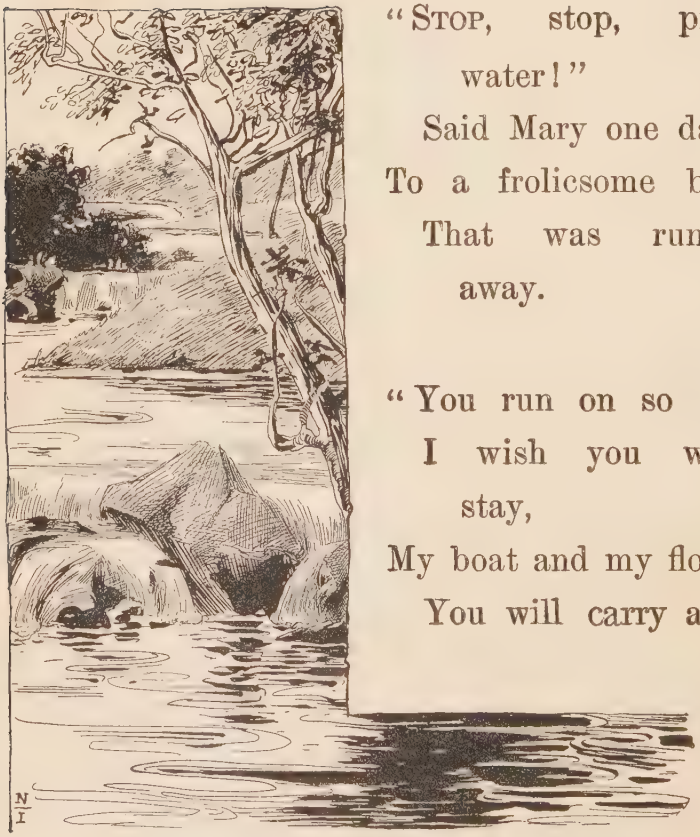
They ran into the house and found their father. And they kissed him almost a thousand times.

Then the father told them that the cruel mother was dead. And after that they were all three happy. And now the story is done.

—GRIMM'S *Fairy Tales.*

41

THE BROOK



"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay,
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

—Eliza Lee Follen

A million little diamonds
Twinkled in the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel if you please!"

But while they held their hands
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

42

SIF'S GOLDEN HAIR

Asgard	Thor	bitterly	husband
unhappy	mischief	confess	lightning

THIS is a story told of some of the gods in whom people believed long, long ago.

Among all the gods in the golden city of Asgard there was one who was very wicked. He loved to do bad things, and to make trouble. His name was Loki, and he was often called the mischief-maker.

One day Loki was walking by the palace of Thor, the god of thunder. Here he saw Sif, the wife of Thor, sleeping on the great steps of the palace. She had beautiful golden hair, and she was very proud of it. Loki saw this beautiful hair as it lay shining in the sun; for Sif used to tie a golden braid round her head, and let her hair hang free.

Now Loki liked only to do things that made other people unhappy, so he said to himself: —

"If I could cut off her hair, wouldn't Sif be angry!"

Then he stepped softly to her side, and cut off the beautiful hair.

When Sif awoke, and found that her golden hair was gone, she began to cry bitterly. Soon her husband Thor came home, and found her crying. She could not tell him who had taken her hair, for she did not know.

"But I know," said Thor; "it must be that

wicked mischief-maker, Loki. No one else would do such a thing. And he shall pay dearly for this trick when I find him."

Thor's eyes flashed in anger. He struck his great hammer on the ground. And the people of the earth saw the flash of lightning and heard the voice of thunder.

Then Thor hurried off to find Loki. He soon found the wicked god, and made him confess that he had cut off Sif's hair.

Then Thor said, "I will kill you for this." But Loki begged for his life, and said he would bring back the golden hair, and make it grow again on Sif's head. So Thor let him go.

But Loki had lost the hair, and could not find it again. And he did not dare to come before Thor without it. But he knew where to get something very like it.

43

SIF'S GOLDEN HAIR (*Concluded*)

anvil	hammer	frowning	elves
center	thread	thunder	busy

So Loki hurried down under the ground to the house of the little black elves. Their workshop was in the very center of the earth. As he drew near he could hear the sounds of their busy hammers: "Tink, tink, tink; ding, ding!"

Clearer and stronger grew the sounds as he came to the door. How busy the little black elves were! And what beautiful things they were making!

They were so busy that they did not see Loki until he spoke to them. Then the little king of the elves came forward, bowed low, and said:—

"How can we serve you now, O Loki?"

And Loki said, "You must make me some

hair of gold, as fine and soft as the hair that grew on the head of Sif."

And the king of the elves said, "But that is a very hard thing to do, O Loki."

But Loki said: "Still, you can make it. And you must make it. For I must have it before I can go back to the house of Thor."

Again the king of the elves bowed low, and said: —

"We will do the best we can, O Loki."

Then he took a lump of shining gold and gave it to his little men. "Tink, tink, tink; ding, ding!" rang out their hammers, as they beat the gold upon the anvil. And soon the lump of gold became a thin sheet; so thin that you could look through it. Yet there was not a hole in this sheet of soft and shining gold.

Now the elves took the sheet and cut it into little strips, almost as thin as the thread of a spider web. And again the hammers flew. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," they rang; "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle." And soon the elves brought to Loki an armful of beautiful golden threads.

Loki took them and hurried back to Asgard. There he found Sif still weeping and Thor still angry and frowning.

But Loki stepped up to Sif and laid the bundle of golden threads on her head. Then a

strange thing happened. The threads grew fast, and looked just like her own silky, golden hair.

Sif smiled with pleasure, and Thor laughed aloud. And the people on the earth saw a flash of sunshine come through the clouds and heard a low roll of thunder.

—*Norse Myth.*

44

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings,
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

—R. L. Stevenson

45

ROMANCE

silvern shrouds murmured
gallant triple cutlasses

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white.
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him, bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row,
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she;
For she found the lands of the golden sands
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

—Gabriel Setoun.

46

THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY

traveling evening country

A MAN was once traveling in the country.

At last he came to a big farmhouse.

"This is a good place to spend the night," thought he.

So he went into the yard and spoke to an old man who was cutting wood.

"Good evening, sir," said the traveler. "May I spend the night here, please?"

"I am not the one to say," said the old man "Go to the kitchen and ask my father."

So the traveler went into the kitchen and saw an old, old man. He was blowing the fire and trying to keep warm.

"Good evening, sir," said the traveler; "I should like to spend the night here, if you please."

"I am not the father in the house," said the old, old man. "You must ask my father. He sits in the parlor, near the table."

So the traveler went to the parlor.

There he saw an old, old, old man sitting near the table. He was about as big as a little boy.

"Good evening, sir; may I spend the night here, please?" asked the traveler.

"Go to my father, child," said the old, old, old man. "You will find him in the cradle yonder."

So the traveler looked in the cradle.

There he saw a little bit of an old man, about as big as a baby. And he asked him the same question, "May I please sleep here to-night?"

The old man in the cradle piped up in a little voice: "Go and ask my father. He hangs in the horn on the wall."

Sure enough, a little bit of an old, old man was hanging in the horn. He was about as big as a mouse.

"Dear, kind, little sir," said the traveler, "may I sleep here to-night?"

Then the little, wee, old man said, in a little, wee, old voice, "Yes, my child."

Then in rolled a table, with good things to eat. And after that, in rolled a comfortable bed.

So at last the traveler had found the right father of the family.

—*Old Norse Tales*

47

LITTLE RAINDROPS

playthings naughty

Oh! where do you come from,
You little drops of rain;
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window-pane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings
Because I broke them all,
And they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,

Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
I should like to play with you.

The little raindrops cannot speak;
But "pitter, patter, pat"
Means, "We can play on *this* side,
Why can't you play on that?"

—Mrs. Hawkshawe

48

ULYSSES AND THE BAG OF WINDS

U lys'ses	Ith'a ca	promised
Æ'o lus	island	welcomed

A KING named Ulysses once ruled over Ithaca.

A war arose between Ithaca and Troy. So Ulysses and his men sailed over the sea to fight with the king of Troy.

When the war was over, they started to sail home again. But a great wind blew their ships to a strange island. King Æolus lived on the island. He was ruler of all the winds.

Æolus welcomed Ulysses. "Come and rest here," said he.

So Ulysses and his men stayed with Æolus for a month.

At last it was time to sail to Ithaca again.

So Ulysses said to Æolus, "Can you not help

us, and give us a wind which will blow us toward Ithaca?"

Æolus promised to help. So he made a large bag of ox skin. Then he called the east wind

and the north wind and the south wind, and he put them into a bag and sewed them up.

Then he said to Ulysses, "Do not open this bag until you reach Ithaca. I have left the west wind free. It will blow you toward home. Tie

this bag to the mast of your ship, and do not tell any one what is in it."

Ulysses promised to do as Æolus said. Then he and his men set sail again.

For nine days the west wind blew them toward Ithaca. Ulysses stayed near the bag all the way. But on the tenth day he was very tired. So he went to sleep.

The ship had nearly reached Ithaca. And the men could almost see their own houses.

They were glad to think how soon they could land. But when they saw Ulysses sleeping, they said: "Let us open that big bag. Perhaps it has gold and silver in it. It is not fair that Ulysses should keep it all for himself. We can take some out while Ulysses sleeps. Then we can hurry home, and he will not know who took it."

So they cut the bag. Then out rushed all the winds. They blew and blew and blew, and they blew the ship back to the island of Æolus.

Poor Ulysses! How he wished he had not gone to sleep. He landed and went to the king's palace, and he begged Æolus to help him again.

"Do not blame me, King Æolus," said he 'My men opened the bag while I slept."

But Æolus would give no more help. So Ulysses and his men started home once more.

No wind helped the ship this time. And they had so many troubles that it took ten years to sail back to Ithaca.

— *Greek Myth*

49

LOOKING FORWARD

When I am grown to man's estate,
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

—R. L. Stevenson.

50

THE LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not tell which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;

For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark,
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—JANE TAYLOR.

51

THE MONTHS

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

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JANUARY
FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL
MAY
JUNE

Hot July brings thunder showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Brown October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast —
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

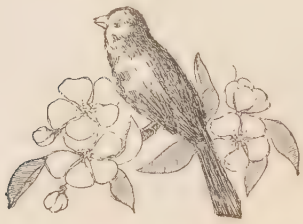
—Sara Coleridge

JVLY
AVGVST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

52

THE BLOSSOM

Merry, merry sparrow,
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin,
Under leaves so green,
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.

—William Blake